

No.105

A 52-PAGE MAGAZINE



# Detective COMICS

NOV.  
TEN  
CENTS

YES! IN THIS  
ISSUE  
"THE BATMAN  
GOES BROKE"

BATMOBILE  
FOR  
SALE



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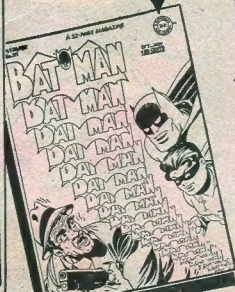
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is for  
**B**E AVER

WHO CHEWS TREES  
AND BARK  
BUT WHEN HE'S  
**REAL "CHEWSEY"**  
HE LOOKS FOR  
THIS MARK!



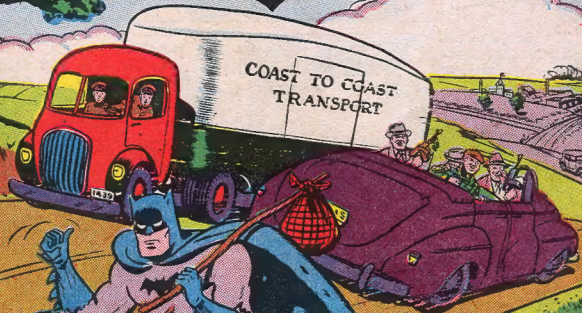
- ON THE COVER OF  
**BATMAN**  
FOR EXAMPLE!  
IT'S YOUR  
GUARANTEE  
OF THE **BEST**  
IN ANY  
COMIC  
MAGAZINE!



# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
- THE BOY WONDER -

BOB KANE

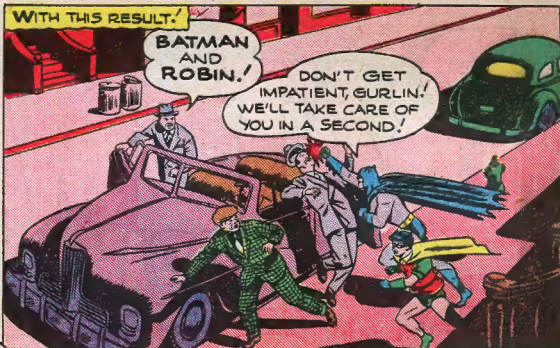


THE LOSS OF HIS FORTUNE COMES AS A STUNNING BLOW TO BRUCE WAYNE, BECAUSE IT MEANS THE FINISH OF HIS TWO MOST EXPENSIVE DEPENDENTS—THE **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**! FOR CRIME-SMASHING IN THE MODERN STYLE IS A COSTLY BUSINESS, AS THE DIMELESS DYNAMIC DUO DISCOVERS TO ITS SORROW IN TACKLING ONE LAST PERILOUS CASE—AND THERE'S NEED FOR MANY AN INGENUOUS PATCH 'TWTX THE CLUE, AND THE CATCH WHEN—

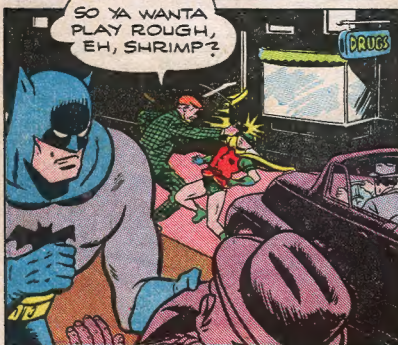
*"The BATMAN Goes Broke!"*

WEEKS OF CAREFUL TRAILING AND PATIENT WATCHING HAVE LED GOTHAM CITY'S FAMED MANHUNTING TEAM OF **BATMAN AND ROBIN** TO THE HIDEOUT OF THE WILY AND DANGEROUS **SIMON GURLIN**, KILLER, ROBBER, AND LEADER OF DESPERATE CRIMINALS...

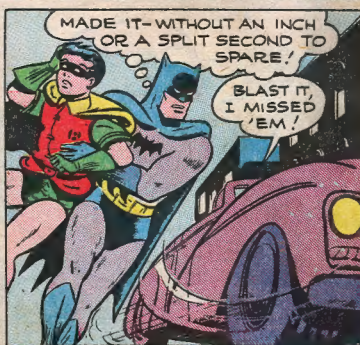
WITH THIS RESULT!



SO YA WANTA PLAY ROUGH, EH, SHRIMP?



MADE IT—WITHOUT AN INCH OR A SPLIT SECOND TO SPARE!



A CLEAN GET-AWAY—AND WE HAVEN'T GOT THE BATMOBILE HERE TO CHASE THEM WITH!

HERE COMES A POLICE PROWL CAR! MAYBE WE CAN CATCH THEM YET!



AFTER THEM, OFFICER! GURLIN AND HIS MOBSTERS ARE IN THAT CAR!

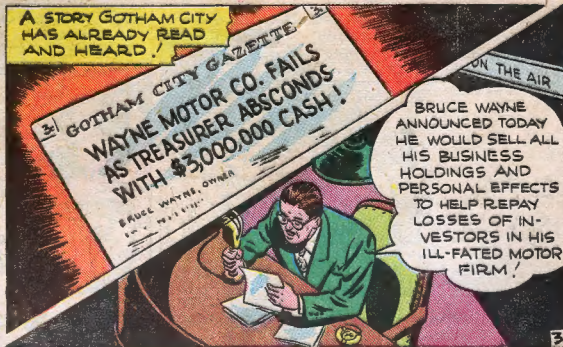
OH, YEAH? YE MIGHT FOOL ME INTO THINKIN' YE WERE **BATMAN** IF I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS A MASQUERADE PARTY AROUND THE CORNER!







WHAT'S THIS?  
**BATMAN** AND  
**ROBIN** QUITTING  
AN UNFINISHED  
CASE FOR THE  
FIRST TIME IN THEIR  
HISTORY? **BATMAN**  
PAWNING THE  
DIAMONDS FROM  
HIS FAMOUS  
BADGE, AND UNABLE  
TO PAY FOR A  
TAXI? ... WELL,  
THERE'S QUITE  
A STORY BEHIND  
IT ALL...



AND ONLY THIS AFTERNOON...

WELL, DICK, I'VE PUT EVERYTHING I OWNED UP FOR SALE AND PAWNED WHAT

PERSONAL THINGS I COULD! NOW WE'RE FLAT BROKE!

WHAT OF IT? WE'VE STILL GOT OUR HEADS AND OUR HEALTH!

RIGHT, DICK- BUT IT WILL MEAN CHANGES... AND ONE OF THE MOST PAINFUL CONCERNS YOU, ALFRED! I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE TO LET YOU GO!

BEGGING YOUR PARDON, SIR, YOU CAN'T PUT ME OUT! IN FACT, I'D GLADLY OFFER YOU MY LIFE'S SAVINGS TO MAKE A FRESH START!



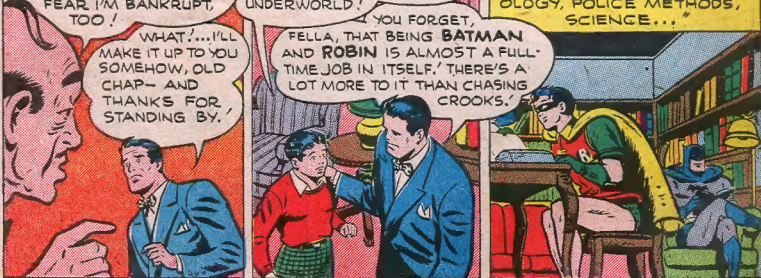
BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, I INVESTED ALL MY FUNDS IN YOUR MOTOR CONCERN- AND SO I FEAR I'M BANKRUPT, TOO!

WHAT!... I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU SOMEHOW, OLD CHAP- AND THANKS FOR STANDING BY.

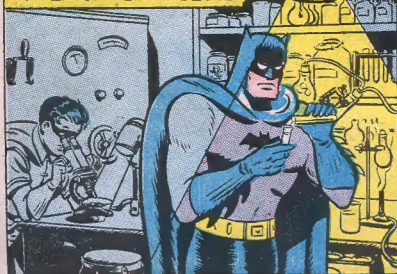
WE'LL FIND JOBS, BRUCE, AND KEEP BATMAN AND ROBIN- AND ALFRED- FIGHTING THE UNDERWORLD!

IF YOU FORGET, FELLA, THAT BEING BATMAN AND ROBIN IS ALMOST A FULL-TIME JOB IN ITSELF! THERE'S A LOT MORE TO IT THAN CHASING CROOKS.

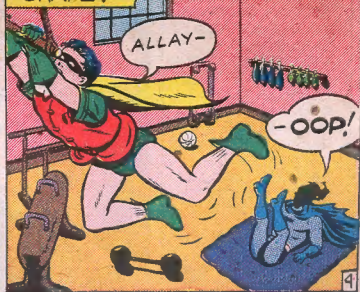
"BATMAN AND ROBIN MUST CONSTANTLY PUT IN LONG HOURS OF STUDY OF CRIMINOLOGY, POLICE METHODS, SCIENCE..."



"SOMETIMES THEY MUST SPEND WHOLE DAYS AND NIGHTS IN THE SECRET LABORATORY, EXPERIMENTING IN SEARCH OF CLUES..."



"NOT TO MENTION THE DAILY WORKOUT IN THE GYM, KEEPING IN FIGHTING SHAPE!"





AND SO, BECAUSE EARNING A LIVING IS A FULL-TIME JOB, TOO, IT IS SADLY AGREED THAT THE RAID ON THE HIDEOUT OF SIMON GURLIN WILL CLOSE THE LAST CASE OF THE DYNAMIC DUO — AND WE HAVE ALREADY SEEN THE OUTCOME,... AND YET, WE ARE HAPPY TO SAY, THAT IT IS NOT BY ANY MEANS THE END OF THE STORY!

**NEXT DAY...** WITH MY BUSINESS EXPERIENCE, I DON'T SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE MUCH TROUBLE GETTING A DECENT JOB!

IF WE COULD ONLY FIND GURLIN AND GET ONE MORE CRACK AT HIM!



WAIT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! YOU GET A JOB, DICK— SELLING PAPERS HERE, NEAR THAT NEWSSTAND!

OKAY— BUT WHAT'S THE ANGLE?

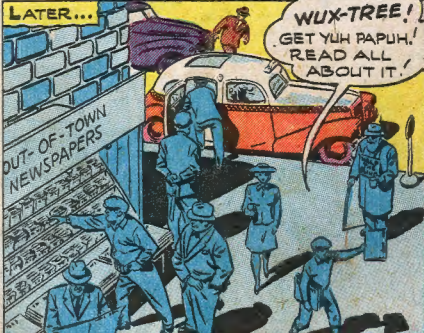


KEEP YOUR EYES AND EARS OPEN, AND SIGNAL IF ANYONE BUYS A LANSBORO NEWSPAPER! THAT'S GURLIN'S HOME TOWN, AND EVEN CROOKS LIKE TO READ ABOUT FOLKS THEY GREW UP WITH!

I GET IT! THE BATMAN WILL BE WATCHING!



**LATER...**



**WUX-TREE!** GET YUH PAPUH! READ ALL ABOUT IT!

A MAN IN FLASHY GARMENTS STEPS UP TO THE NEWSSTAND... THE NEWSBOY'S ARM WAVES ... AND THE "BLIND MAN" NEARBY MOVES SWIFTLY!

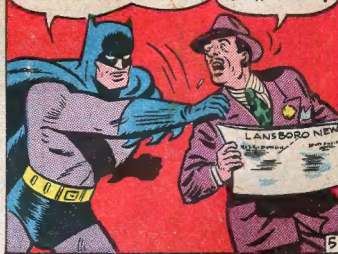
GIMME TH' LANSBORO NEWS!

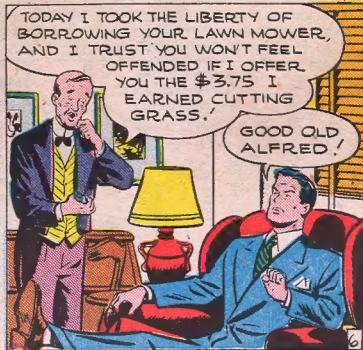
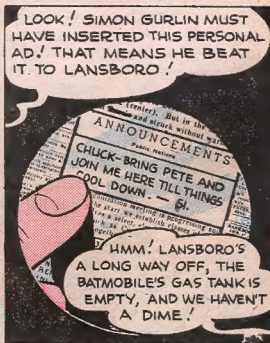
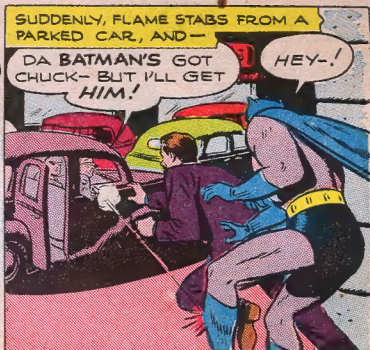
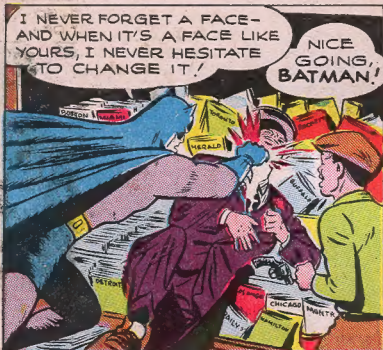
OKAY, MISTER!



HAVEN'T I MET YOU IN THE ROGUES' GALLERY UNDER THE NAME OF CHUCK WALES, ONE OF GURLIN'S GUNMEN?

Y-I-I-I-I! BATMAN!







DAWN-AND ONCE AGAIN THE RAKISH BATMOBILE FLASHES FORTH ON THE TRAIL OF THE LAWBREAKERS!

PLENTY OF GAS TO GET US THERE AND BACK, BATMAN!

BUT IT TOOK EVERY CENT WE HAD, ROBIN, SO LET'S HOPE NOTHING GOES WRONG!



THE FIRST TWO-THIRDS OF THE WAY IS SMOOTH GOING- AND THEN A FARMER'S FLIVVER PULLS OUT OF A HIDDEN LANE WITHOUT WARNING!

GOSH DARN- I SHOULD OF TOOTED MY HORN!

WONDER IF THAT FELLOW KNOWS WHAT A CLOSE CALL HE HAD?



THAT DOES IT! WE COULDN'T TRAVEL ANOTHER YARD ON THAT WHEEL!

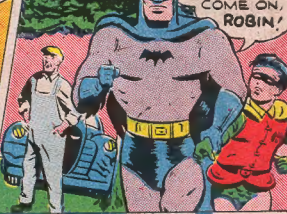
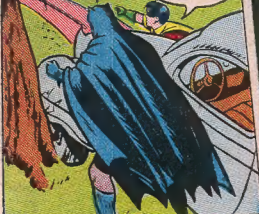
THERE'S A GARAGE WHERE WE COULD HAVE IT FIXED- IF WE COULD ONLY PAY FOR IT!

WHAT'LL WE DO- HITCH-HIKE THE REST OF THE WAY?

HMM... I THINK WE CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT! RUN AND GET THE GARAGEMAN!

I'LL NEED A NEW PART. I CAN FIX IT IN AN HOUR- FOR \$20!

GET STARTED, THEN! WE'LL BE BACK IN A FLASH WITH THE CASH!... COME ON, ROBIN!



PRESENTLY...

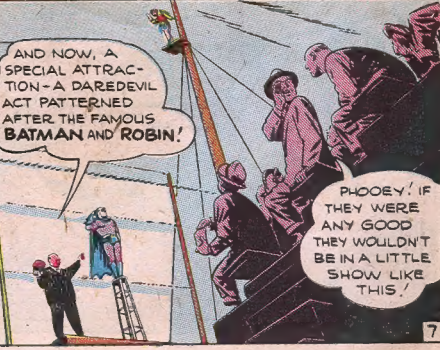
SO YOU IMPERSONATE BATMAN AND ROBIN, EH? THE ONLY OBJECTION TO THAT IS, NOBODY COULD BE AS GOOD AS THE ORIGINALS!

WHY NOT GIVE US A TRY?



AND NOW, A SPECIAL ATTRACTION- A DAREDEVIL ACT PATTERNED AFTER THE FAMOUS BATMAN AND ROBIN!

PHOOEY! IF THEY WERE ANY GOOD THEY WOULDN'T BE IN A LITTLE SHOW LIKE THIS!



A SIGNAL IS GIVEN-AND A LITHE BODY PLUMMETS DOWNWARD LIKE A SPINNING METEORITE!

GEE- THE LITTLE FELLER'S GOT NERVE, AT THAT!

I KNEW THEY COULDN'T DO IT! THEY'RE FALLIN'!

DASH GUM! I NEVER SEE THE LIKE BEFORE!

THEY'RE COLOSSAL! WHERE HAVE THEY BEEN ALL MY LIFE?

A SPINE-TINGLING CLIMAX ENDS THE ACT!

LOOK OUT! THEY'RE COMIN' RIGHT FOR US!

SOME-BODY'S BOUND TO GET KILLED!

THE ORIGINALS COULDN'T DO BETTER!

HOORAY!

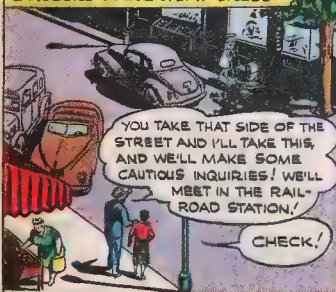
MY FORTUNE IS MADE!

HERE'S THE \$20 I PROMISED, BUT I'LL DOUBLE IT IF YOU'LL STAY WITH ME! I'LL TREBLE IT!

SORRY, BUT WE'VE GOT A JOB WAITING FOR US AT LANSBORO!



LATER, HIDING THE BATMOBILE, THE MAN-HUNTERS ENTER THE LITTLE TOWN OF LANESBORO IN EVERYDAY DRESS...



AT THE STATION...

LOOK, CHUCK-DA KID DAT WAS SELLIN' PAPERS WHEN I SAVED YA FROM DA 'BATMAN.' BEAT IT, AN' I'LL TAKE CARE O' HIM!

NO LUCK SO FAR! WONDER IF BRUCE FOUND A CLUE?



ALL RIGHT, BRAT-I GOT DA DROP ON YA, SO ACT NATURAL! YA GOIN' FOR A RIDE WIT' ME AN' ME PAL, SEE?

HUH?... I GUESS YOU'VE GOT ME! I'LL ACT NATURAL!



BRUCE WILL BE HERE ANY SECOND, AND HE'S LIABLE TO BE SHOT BEFORE HE CAN DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT UNLESS I CAN THINK OF SOME WAY TO WARN HIM!



IN CASE YOU'RE THINKING OF KEEPING ME A PRISONER SOMEWHERE, DO YOU MIND IF I BUY A MAGAZINE TO READ?

DAT'S NATURAL ENOUGH, I GUESS! BUT ANY FUNNY BUSINESS AN' YA'LL EAT HOT LEAD!



THE NEXT MOMENT...

HERE'S HOPING DICK LEARNED MORE THAN I DID!... BUT WHAT'S HE DOING, BUYING ALL THOSE MAGAZINES, WHEN HE HASN'T GOT A NICKEL?

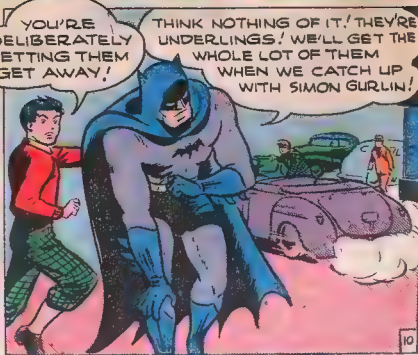
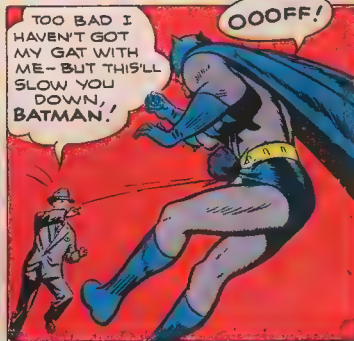
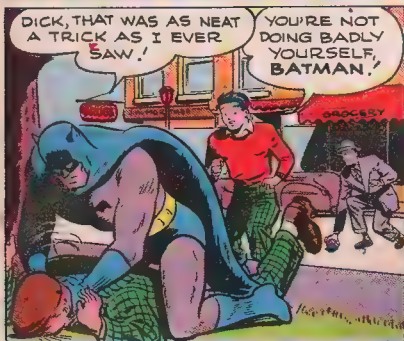


WHAT IS DICK DOING? YOU'D BE SURPRISED!

LET ME SEE... LIFE, WATCH, OUTDOOR STORIES...

HURRY UP! WE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY!







AT A LONELY FARMHOUSE OUTSIDE THE TOWN...

DA BATMAN'S IN TOWN, GURLIN. CHUCK HEAVED A ROCK AN' SMASHED HIS RADIO, AN' HE'S GONNA HAVE IT FIXED.

HE WON'T GIVE US A MINUTE'S PEACE WHILE HE'S ALIVE, SO WE GOT TO GET RID OF HIM FOR GOOD. COME ON, BOYS!



AFTER HALF AN HOUR OF AIMLESS WANDERING...

I DON'T GET IT, WHY THE POINTLESS DELAY? AND HOW ARE YOU GOING TO PAY FOR RADIO REPAIRS?

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT. JUST KEEP YOUR EYES SKINNED AND YOUR FISTS READY.



BEHIND A FLIMSY CURTAIN SHUTTING OFF A REAR ROOM OF THE RADIO SHOP...

OKAY-LET 'EM HAVE IT!

THIS LITTLE PORTABLE SET IS A HANDY THING TO HAVE AROUND. ROBIN.



HANDY IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE!

OW-W-W!



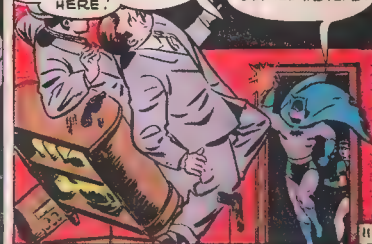
I MAY BE SLOW IN CATCHING ON, BUT I'M SMART ENOUGH TO KNOW IT'S MY TURN NOW!

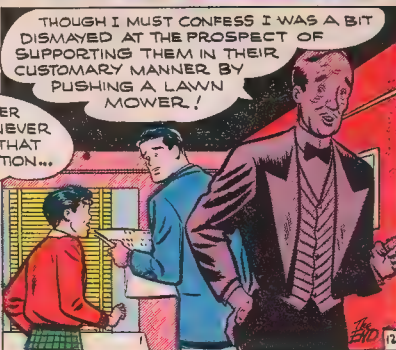
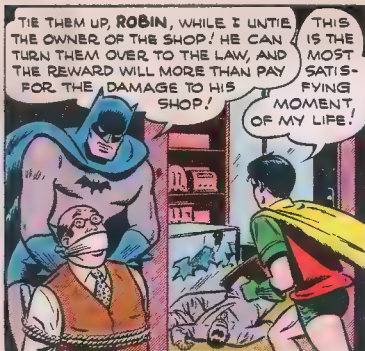
KILL 'EM!



YOU SEE, ROBIN, MY RADIO ISN'T BROKEN-BUT I KNEW THIS WAS THE ONLY RADIO SHOP IN TOWN, AND FIGURED GURLIN WOULD SHOW UP TO MEET ME HERE!

THEY THOUGHT THEY WERE AMBUSHING US, BUT THEY WERE BEING AMBUSHED INSTEAD!









**W**HY DON'T YOU TRY WHEATIES? TEAM UP A MAN-SIZED BOWLFUL OF THOSE BIG WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES WITH RICH MILK AND ZESTY FRUIT. GET ALL OF WHEATIES IMPORTANT "GO-GET-'EM" NOURISHMENT, DELICIOUS "GO-TO-'EM" FLAVOR.

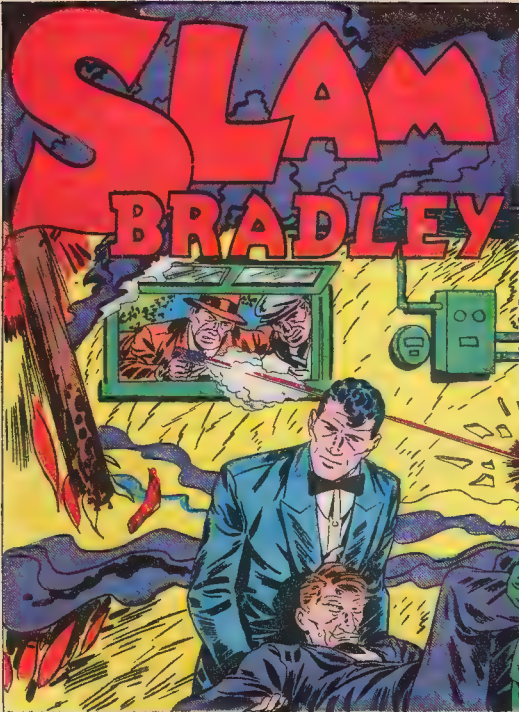
IT'S A DISH THAT RATES A CHEER.

SO, SING OUT: "WE WANT WHEATIES!"—TOMORROW MORNING. START YOUR MORNING MEAL WITH LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

**WHEATIES**  
**"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"**

WITH MILK AND FRUIT



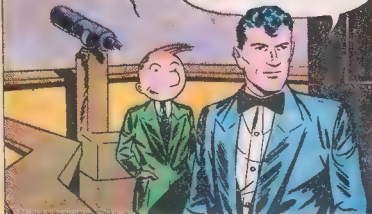


WHEN THOSE MANHATTAN HOODLUM-HUNTERS, SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN, TAKE A HOLIDAY FROM THEIR DANGEROUS WORK OF CRUSHING CROOKS, THEY PICK ENTIRELY THE WRONG PLACE FOR RECREATION! AND BEFORE THEIR HOLIDAY IS MANY MINUTES OLD, THEY ARE FLUNG HEADLONG INTO TRIP-HAMMER ACTION AND A DEADLY...  
*"Adventure in the Park!"*

ATOP A FAMOUS SKY-SCRAPER, MANHATTAN MAN-HUNTERS SLAM BRADLEY AND SHORTY MORGAN DO A BIT OF SIGHT-SEEING...

IMAGINE LIVING IN THIS TOWN ALL OUR LIVES WITHOUT EVER DOING THIS BEFORE.

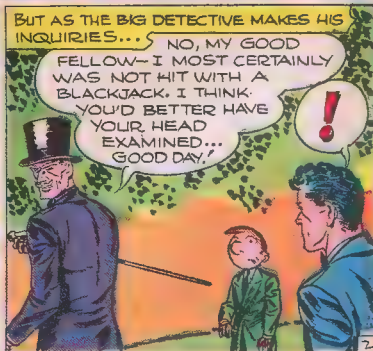
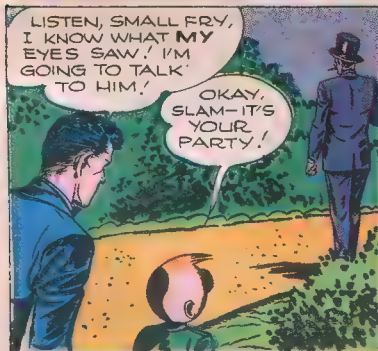
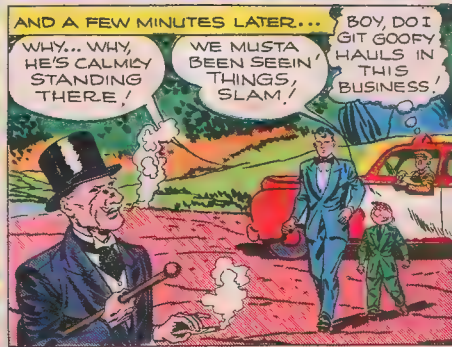
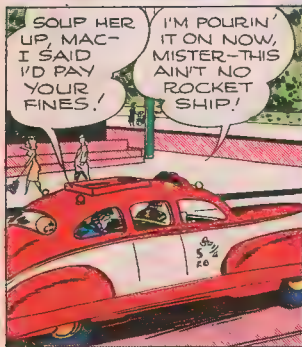
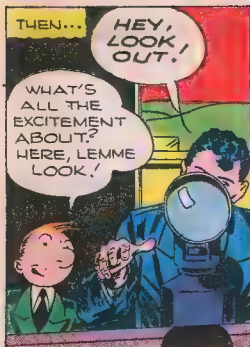
LET'S GIVE THE PARK A GANDER THROUGH THE TELESCOPES AND SEE WHAT THE VISITORS TO OUR FAIR CITY SEE

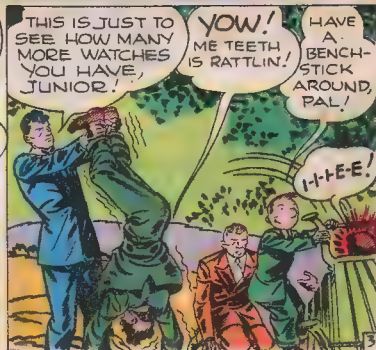
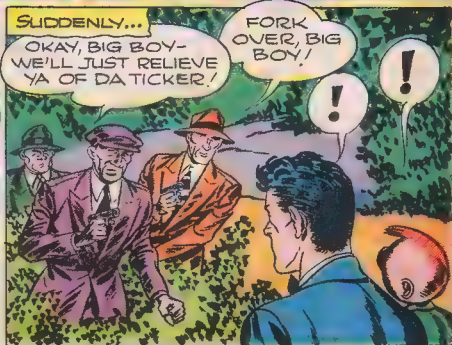
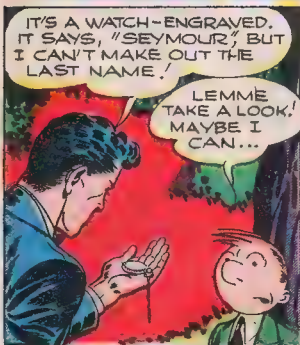
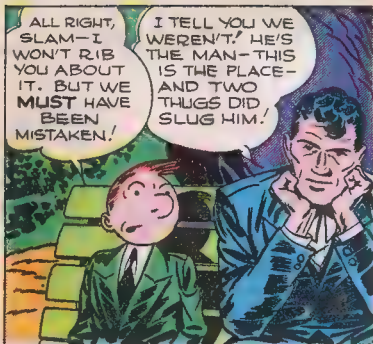


GOSH, THESE THINGS BRING THE SCENE RIGHT UP TO YOUR FACE!  
 YEP, I'M WATCHING A HIGH-HAT BANKER TAKING HIS STROLL ALONG THE RESERVOIR-LOOKS LIKE I COULD REACH OUT AND TOUCH HIM!

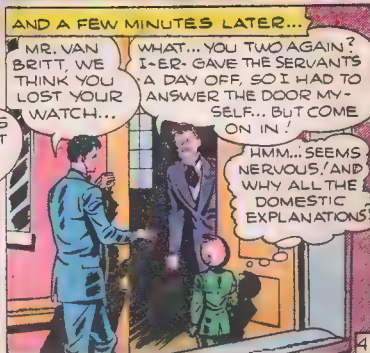
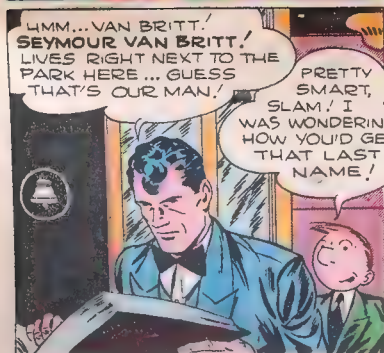
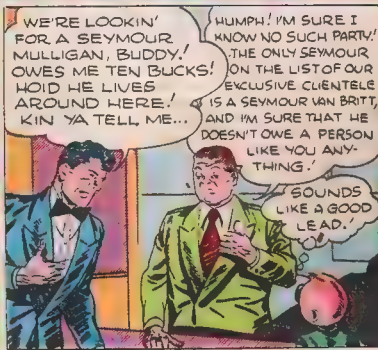


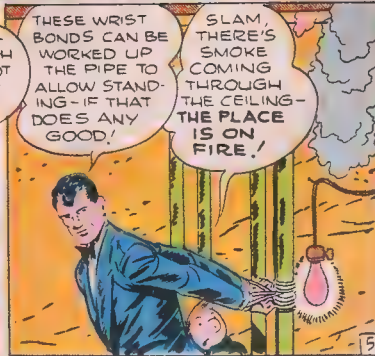
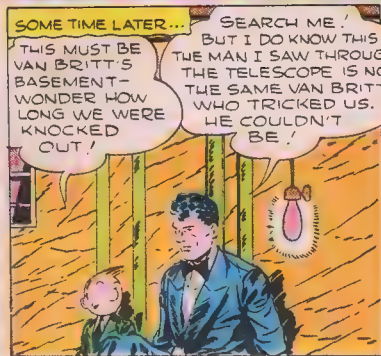
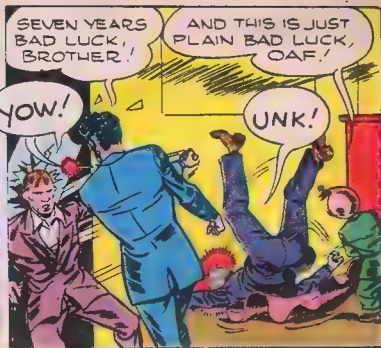
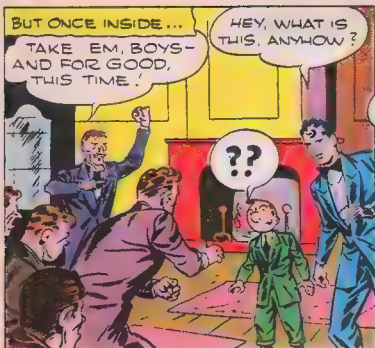




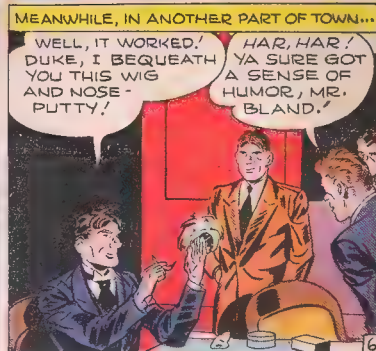
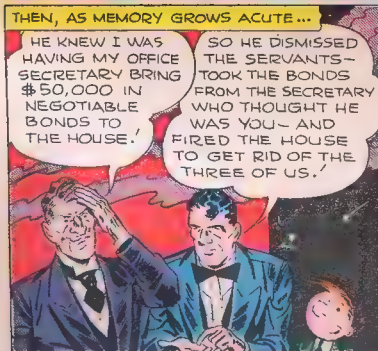
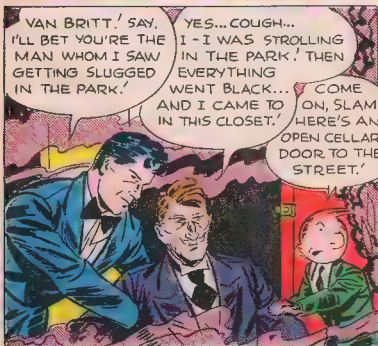










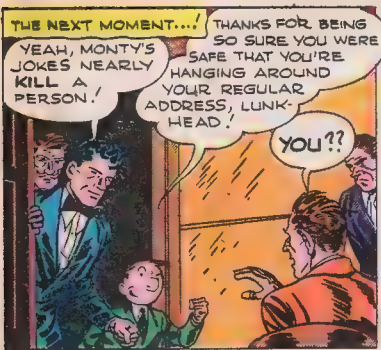


**THE NEXT MOMENT....!**

YEAH, MONTY'S JOKES NEARLY KILL A PERSON!

THANKS FOR BEING SO SURE YOU WERE SAFE THAT YOU'RE HANGING AROUND YOUR REGULAR ADDRESS, LUNK-HEAD!

YOU??



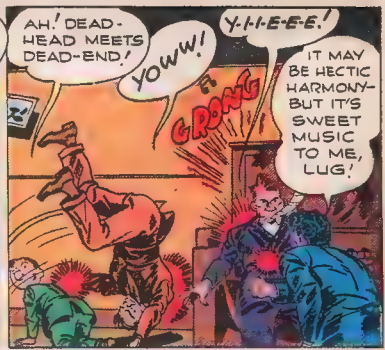
AH! DEAD-HEAD MEETS DEAD-END!

YOWW!

Y-I-I-E-E-E!

IT MAY BE HECTIC HARMONY-BUT IT'S SWEET MUSIC TO ME, LUG!

**GRONG**



MONTY, YOU RASCAL! YOU SCOUNDREL!

GOOD WORK, MR. VAN BRITT! BETWEEN US, WE'LL TEACH 'EM SOME UPS AND DOWNS.

OGH!

YOWWO!

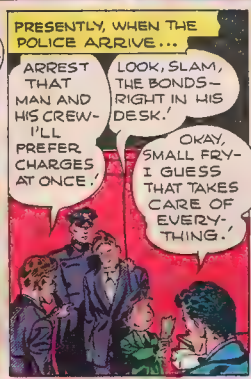


**PRESENTLY, WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE...**

ARREST THAT MAN AND HIS CREW-I'LL PREFER CHARGES AT ONCE!

LOOK, SLAM, THE BONDS- RIGHT IN HIS DESK.

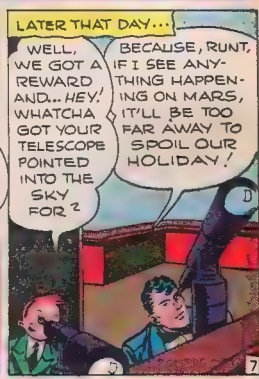
OKAY, SMALL FRY-I GUESS THAT TAKES CARE OF EVERYTHING.



**LATER THAT DAY...**

WELL, WE GOT A REWARD AND... HEY, WHATCHA GOT YOUR TELESCOPE POINTED INTO THE SKY FOR?

BECAUSE, RUNT, IF I SEE ANYTHING HAPPENING ON MARS, IT'LL BE TOO FAR AWAY TO SPOIL OUR HOLIDAY!



COME ON! LET'S HURRY AND GET SOME OF THOSE BIG HINGEES ENVELOPES!

YOU BET! HINGEES BRING THE COMICS TO LIFE!



**HINGEES BRING 10¢**

**BLONDIE**  
AND HER FAMILY TO LIFE

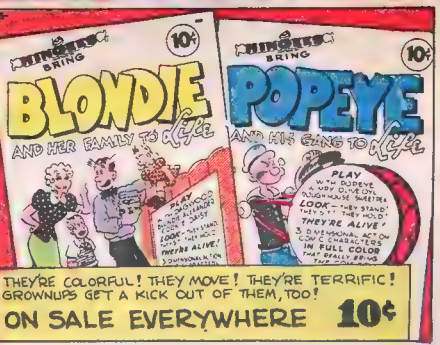
**HINGEES BRING 10¢**

**POPEYE**  
AND HIS GANG TO LIFE

PLAY WITH POPEYE A WHOLE NEW DYL DOUGHHOUSE SWEETIE LOOK - THEY STAND! THEY SING! THEY HOLD! THEY'RE ALIVE! 3 DIMENSIONAL ACT ON COMIC CHARACTERS IN FULL COLOR THAT REALLY BRING THEM TO LIFE!

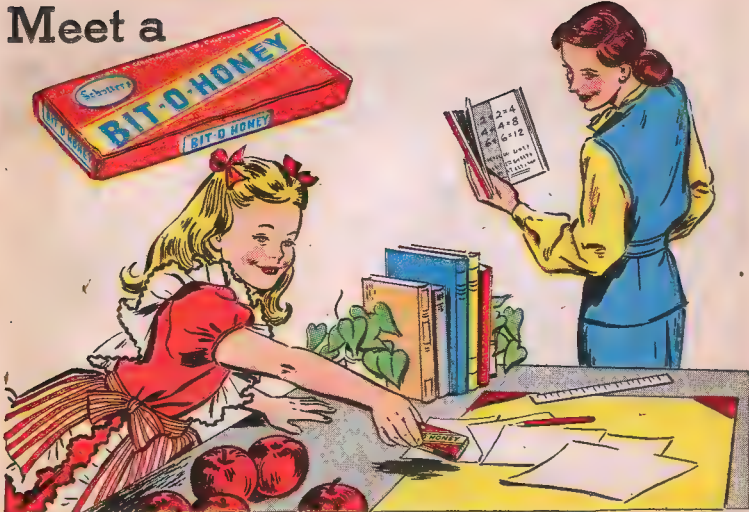
THEY'RE COLORFUL! THEY MOVE! THEY'RE TERRIFIC! GROWNUPS GET A KICK OUT OF THEM, TOO!

**ON SALE EVERYWHERE 10¢**





# Meet a



Golden, deliciously different BIT-O-HONEY makes everyone smile with pleasure. Words just can't do justice to the luscious goodness of this temptingly different candy bar. You must taste it. Once you enjoy BIT-O-HONEY you will know why millions say: "It's the most delicious candy bar I've ever tasted." BIT-O-HONEY is cut in six bite-sized pieces, so handy to eat anywhere, anytime.

You'll like OLD NICK, too... a delicious chocolate-covered bar, made by the makers of BIT-O-HONEY

## Eat a



A "Honey" of a  
5¢ candy bar

©1945 BY  
SCHUTTER  
CANDY CO  
ST. LOUIS  
MO

## WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER? *It has a special meaning!*

Everyone's name adds up to a special significant number. YOU can find *yours* by using the Number-Alphabet below.

PATRICK HENRY'S name adds up to FOUR—Does YOURS?

Example  
P A T R I C K H E N R Y  
7+1+2+9+9+3+2+8+5+5+9+7=67\*  
\*6+7=13 1+3=4

Use the Number-Alphabet to figure your number. If it isn't "Four", write for FREE booklet telling you what it means.

### The Number-Alphabet

A-J are "1" B-K are "2"  
L-U are "3" M-V are "4"  
E-N are "5" F-O are "6"  
G-P are "7" H-Q are "8"  
I-R are "9"

### YOURS FREE

Want the key to your number? Send today for the amazing new BIT-O-HONEY booklet "WHAT'S YOUR NUMBER AND WHAT DOES IT MEAN?" It's FREE! Paste coupon on a postcard. Mail it NOW!

**4** "Four" people are steady and win success through a combination of will and action. Being capable of big things, they will work zealously and conscientiously to attain them. They also have good judgment and understanding.

"BIT-O-HONEY"—  
Dept. NC-4  
Box 59, St. Louis 3, Mo.

Please send me—absolutely FREE and without obligation—my "What's Your Number" booklet.

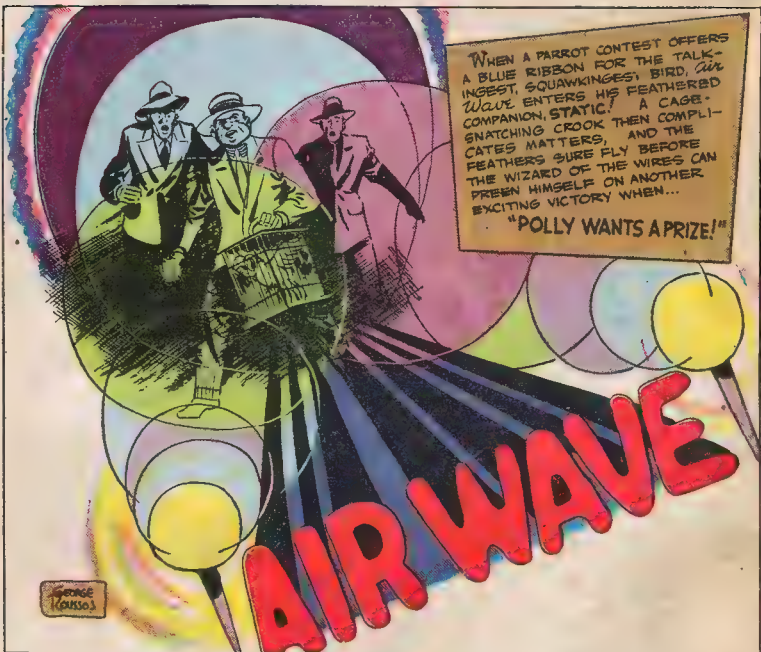
Name \_\_\_\_\_ (please print plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

If you are under 18, please state age \_\_\_\_\_  
Regardless of your age, you get your Number booklet FREE.

OFFER EXPIRES DEC 31 1945



DISTRICT ATTORNEY *Larry Jordan* RETURNS HOME AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK ...

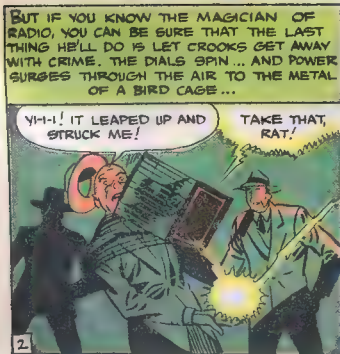
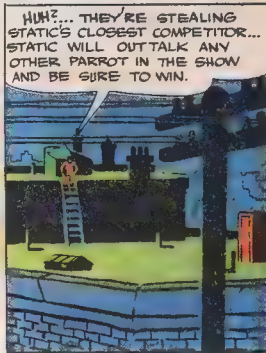
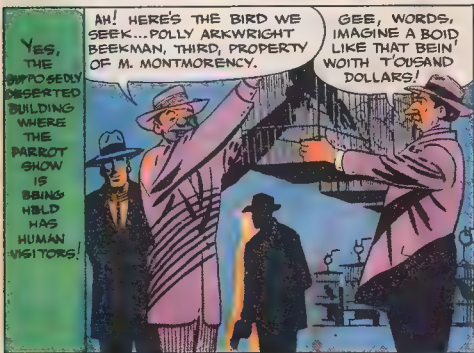
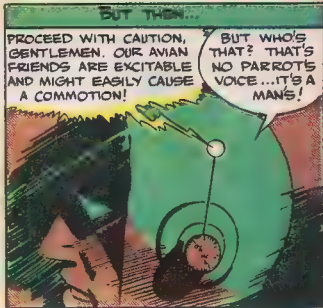
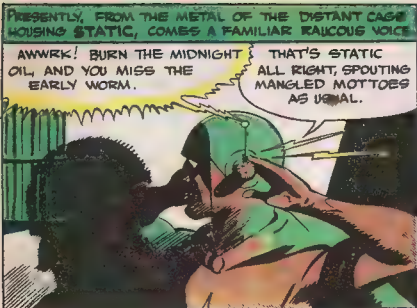
NOBODY TO GREET ME WHEN I ARRIVE... THIS PLACE SURE SEEMS EMPTY SINCE I ENTERED STATIC IN THE PARROT SHOW!

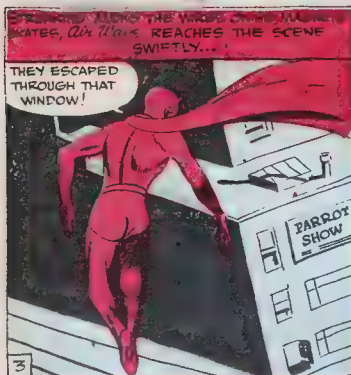
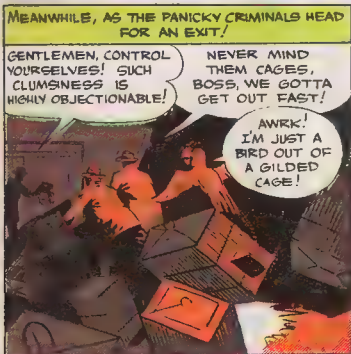


THINK I'LL GET INTO MY AIR WAVE RIG, AND TUNE IN FOR A MINUTE TO SEE HOW HE'S GETTING ALONG....

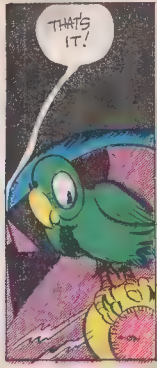
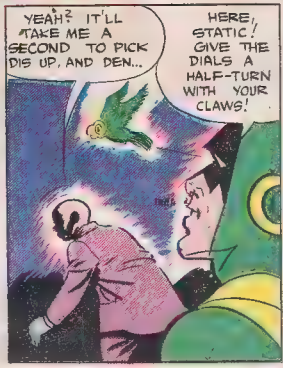
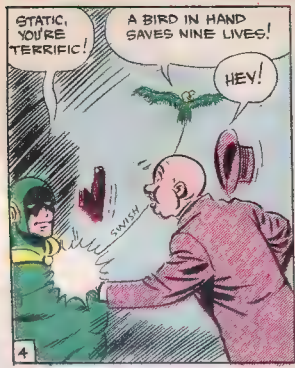
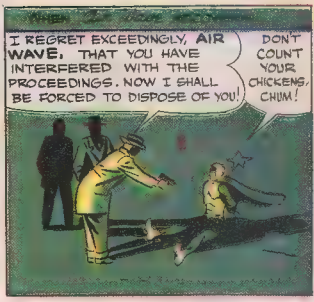
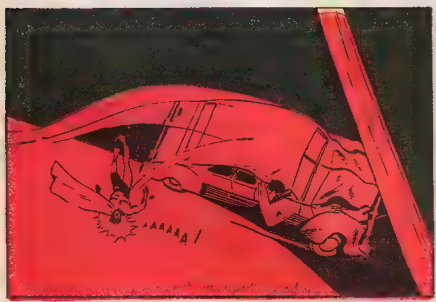
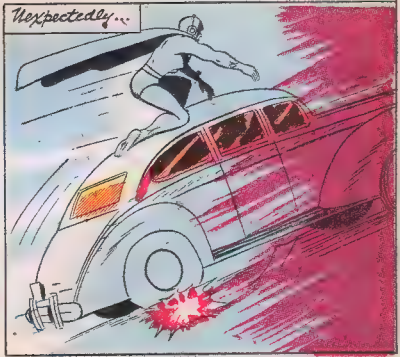
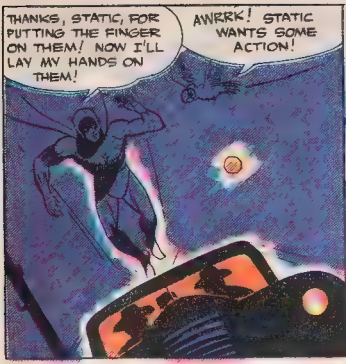




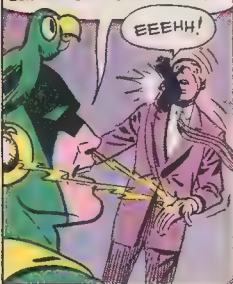








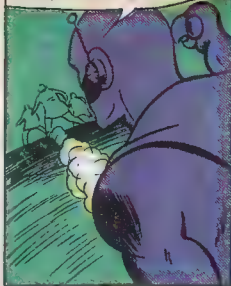
WONDERFUL! I COULDN'T HAVE SENT THAT POWER INTO HIS GUN ANY BETTER MYSELF!



TOO BAD FOR YOU, YOU DIDN'T TIE MY FEET TOO, RAT!



LOOK AT THEM RUN! A PARROT'S TOO MUCH FOR THEM, STATIC!



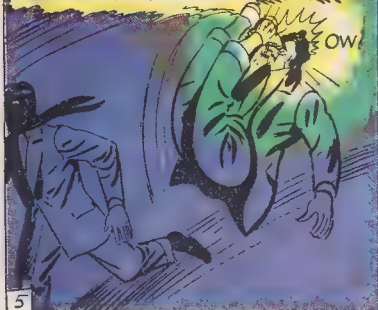
THAT'S IT—UNTIE MY HANDS, AND WE'LL GIVE THEM A REAL SHOW!



WATCH THIS, OLD BIRD!



THAT WAS DONE WITH POWER TRANSMITTED TO YOUR METAL SHOELACE TIP—NICE TRICK, EH, STATIC?



THE POWER WENT TO A WRIST WATCH CASE THAT TIME!

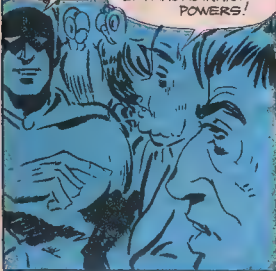
YII!! WE GIVE UP! ONLY STOP MAKING US HIT OURSELVES!





ALL RIGHT. I'LL STOP IT. BUT YOU'D BETTER BEHAVE ON YOUR WAY TO THE POLICE STATION.

DON'T FEAR, AIR WAVE...YOU HAVE DEMONSTRATED TO US THE FOLLY OF ATTEMPTING TO COMBAT YOUR EXTRAORDINARY POWERS!



AND SO, WITH THE CRIMINALS TURNED OVER TO THE POLICE, THE FINAL JUDGING OF THE PARROT SHOW TAKES PLACE...

GENTLEMEN, WE INTEND TO GIVE FIRST PRIZE TO ONE OF THESE TWO BIRDS. BUT WE CAN'T MAKE UP OUR MINDS WITHOUT HEARING THEM TALK AGAIN!



GO ON, P. ARKWRIGHT, DISPLAY YOUR COMMAND OF LANGUAGE.

WONDER IF I'VE REALLY DONE STATIC OUT OF A PRIZE!



A MOMENT OF HESITATION AND THEN...

WELL, CLANCY, BEGORRA, UPS AND UPS, "LISTEN HERE, O'REILLY, BEGORRA.

HE'S GOOD FOR A PARROT. STATIC BETTER BE UP TO HIS USUAL STANDARD, OR WE'RE FINISHED!

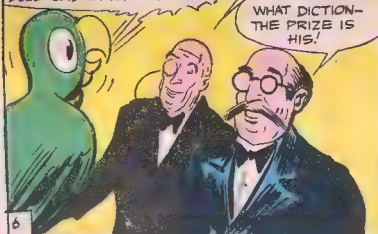


BUT STATIC IS FAR ABOVE HIS USUAL STANDARD, TO EVERYONE'S ASTONISHMENT...

ALL DREARY DRUDGERY AND LACK OF PROPER RECREATIONAL FACILITIES MAKES JACK AN EXCEEDINGLY DULL LAD... ARWK...

MAGNIFICENT! HE SOUNDS LIKE A COLLEGE PROFESSOR!

WHAT DICTION- THE PRIZE IS HIS!



YOU CERTAINLY PICK THINGS UP FAST, STATIC. JUST A LITTLE ASSOCIATION WITH A HIGH-BROW CROOK LIKE WORDS...AND YOU BEGAN TO TALK LIKE HIM!

WORDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER AWKKK!



# HOME TO ROOST

by Blair Bolton

**M**AXEN had grown a lot leaner these last days in the penitentiary. And more insanely bitter. The hatred eating into his heart was like a cancer, and when the prison gates clanged behind him after those ten long years, Maxen was ready to kill.

"I'll find Governor Corwin no matter where he is," he vowed, climbing into the car Lefty had driven up to the prison gates. "He'll pay for doing this to me."

Lefty shook his head. "I think it pays to let well enough alone, Boss. After all, Corwin had to give up the Governorship when he had those heart attacks. He's retired. He's probably forgotten you, too."

Hatred flamed into Maxen's eyes. "I haven't forgotten him," he blazed. "If it had been any other District Attorney ten years ago, I'd have gotten out."

"But it wasn't any other one," Lefty pointed out, mildly. "He was the most honest guy the State ever had. That's how he became Governor Besides, why bother with him, Boss. His small fry With all the sucker dough that's kicking around, you'll soon be rolling in money and . . ."

He stopped, recognized the murder in Maxen's eyes.

"Where to, Boss?" There was no use arguing further. Prison hadn't changed Maxen. He could still flash looks in which murder lurked. Lefty shrugged, threw the car into gear as Maxen gave directions.

It was the seashore cottage. There, as cool breezes blew across the verandah, Maxen smoked a cigar and plotted the death of a man who had sent him to prison for ten years.

But there was more to it than that. Once Corwin was located, it would be an easy matter to rub him out. Maxen

wanted more than that. He wanted to see the old man cringe, cry out for mercy.

Maxen's eyes slitted. He leaned back in the chair and closed his eyes. "I've got to be careful," he told himself, "take it easy, and make sure there's no slipup." He'd just have to wait until Lefty made his report.

It took a week. But when Lefty returned, he had discovered the Judge's whereabouts. "He's got a farm of his own up in Maine," Lefty said, "a pretty good-sized place. The Governor's raising chickens."

"He's living alone?"

"Yeah. His wife died three years ago. His kid's in the Army, I heard." Lefty shook his head. "Those people in Maine are sure not the talking kind." A sigh. "It was tough trying to pump them."

Maxen stiffened. "You didn't make anyone suspicious?" He was angry, tried not to show it. He needed Lefty now. But if that stupid gunman had made a mistake

"Naw" Lefty grinned. "You see, Boss, I was selling magazine subscriptions. I made out like I was a salesman."

Maxen leaned back in his chair and roared with laughter. "That's good, Lefty," he guffawed. "You do the Boss credit."

Pleased, Lefty joined in the chuckling. "I sure learned how to use my head from you, Boss."

"That you did, Lefty."

Another month went by, and in that time, Maxen lived an ease-filled model life. He made friends with his neighbors and to them he was a pleasant, retired businessman. But all this time, Maxen was putting on weight, gaining back his strength, developing the core of his hatred.

His alibi, which would be fool-proof, was easy. He hired a man to impersonate him, and it was this man on whom the neighbors wasted their sympathy when the ambulance drew up in front of the cottage and took "that nice Mr. Maxen away to the hospital last night. Ruptured appendix."

Just as easy as that. Lefty was to see that no visitors disturbed "Mr. Maxen." (Nor came close enough to find out that "Mr. Maxen" instead of being in the private hospital as an appendix case had merely requested a week of rest.)

Thus, while his double enjoyed life in a private hospital, the real Maxen was driving to the small town in Maine.

Murderers operate most frequently at night, and Maxen, too, had laid his plans that way. His first day he spent watching the Corwin farmhouse from a distance. Through his binoculars, as he lay hidden behind the thick bushes on the estate, Maxen got his first glimpse of the man who had sent him up.

It startled him momentarily. The stroke had turned Governor Corwin's hair snow white, and caused him now to walk with a stoop. All day Maxen watched his hated enemy, saw him feeding the chickens, working in the fields with a hired man.

Overhead a squadron of Army planes droned by, mere specks in the sky. Maxen had noticed a base, about twenty miles out of town. He wasn't interested in planes. He heaped savage imprecations on Lefty's head. Lefty had said nothing about a hired man!

All day and into the early night, Maxen lay hidden. Then he almost leaped for joy when he saw the hired man and a woman come out of the house

and get into a rickety car. "That's it," he told himself, excitedly. "They cook his meals for him, then go home."

Now was the time. Hidden in the darkness, Maxen got up and stretched his cramped legs. Needles of fire ran through his whole body for a few moments, but he didn't care. This sentinel duty had been worth it. He scowled, and his face was set in hard, murderous lines. What a break that there was so much acreage around here. Woods lined the other end of the house. There wasn't another house for miles around, either. He'd make a clean getaway.

Maxen shivered. The air up here was certainly cold at night. He worked his arms vigorously to get the blood pumping faster into his body.

Then, he walked briskly toward the house. "There's nothing to fear," he told himself, "He'll never expect me here. As Lefty said, he's probably forgotten all about me."

Maxen was right. Without hesitation Corwin opened the kitchen door to Maxen's knock. He didn't at once recognize the gangster but said, "Good evening. Come in. It gets pretty cold up here at night this time of year."

Maxen followed Corwin into the kitchen, gloating. His sharp eyes took in every detail. A few baby chicks, in a crate, were feeding on a table. Without turning to Maxen, but glancing at the clock on the wall, Corwin said: "I was just feeding these chicks. I want to get them back into the coop while there's time. I . . ."

His eyes sought Maxen's. Then they saw the gun, too. "You!"

"Yeah, it's me, Maxen. The guy you sent up for ten years. I said I'd get you and now I'm going to." Maxen's tone was exultant.

His exuberation waned somewhat when he saw his intended victim's face. There was no fear in it.

Maxen's own face turned livid with rage. He knew Corwin's face, knew that expression. It had been the same ten years ago, almost to the day.

"You're going to die, Corwin," Maxen said.

"I know it."

Maxen's finger pressured almost imperceptibly on the trigger. If only this fool would cringe, beg for mercy.

"Maxen . . ."

Ah, he was cracking. Maxen's tongue flecked his lips. Corwin was going to whine now, show terror.

The room was still, except for the ticking of the wall clock. Outside, the motors of a big plane droned, coming from a distance.

"I—I'm an old man now," Corwin said. "I don't think I'm afraid of dying. But there's one thing. Could you . . . would you let me put these chicks back in their incubator before I die." There was no questioning the pleading in the man's tone.

Maxen grinned evilly. He smiled crookedly. This would be a good one to tell Lefty. Corwin was going balmy, worrying about baby chickens. His eyelids lowered. Yeah, it would be something to tell Lefty. An idea came to him.

"Okay," he said. "But don't try anything." He watched Corwin carefully as the bent, old man struggled into a coat.

Maxen picked up a picture of a young, clear-eyed pilot.

"Your kid?"

"Yes." Corwin picked up the chicks. Maxen, enjoying the joke he'd tell Lefty, followed him. The old man snapped on a light in the glass-roofed incubator.

Maxen, standing in the doorway, watched Corwin. He was beginning to tire of the jest. He looked up for a moment as the plane he had heard earlier droned past. Then his gaze returned to Corwin. "Come on," he said. "I ain't got all night. You wouldn't want me to give it to you in the back, would you?"

"I—I—won't be long," Corwin said. "Please, just a few minutes until I adjust this temperature. Then I don't care."

"You ought to be happy," Maxen said coarsely. "You can die with your chickens."

"You . . . you mean you'd kill me here?" Corwin, holding one of the chicks, stood up.

"Sure," Maxen said. "I just wanted you to know who was killing you. Put that chicken down and walk toward me." His voice was maniacal, loud. "Put it down and walk toward me. You sent guys to the chair. They had to walk to their death. Now you walk to yours." Maxen's insane eyes bored into Corwin's face. "Come on. Walk. You're going to get it now." His finger moved on the trigger.

But the gun didn't go off. For suddenly, Maxen felt iron fingers bite into his shoulder, whirl him around. A fist crashed into his face. The gun went off harmlessly as he went down. He heard Corwin's cry, "Johnny! You saw it!"

Maxen, sitting on the floor, shook his head in disbelief. A young officer in paratrooper uniform was holding a gun on him. "Corwin's kid," Maxen said hoarsely. Behind the Captain, other paratroopers crowded, trying to see in.

"My son," Corwin explained proudly, "is an instructor at the Army base here." He smiled at the boy. "I knew you'd notice, Johnny."

Maxen was yanked to his feet by two paratroopers. Young Corwin looked fondly at his father. "When we've been doing practice - jumping into these woods every night, Dad," he said, "and you were specifically instructed to keep every light but your farmhouse light out, is it any wonder the boys and I have rushed right over here when we saw the incubator lit up?" He looked at Maxen, securely held by the paratroopers. "Handle him gently, boys," he cautioned. "But not too gently. And that's an order!"



# Volto

## FROM MARS

VOLTO'S OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD MAGNETIC POWERS CONQUER A FIERY INFERNO IN THE TIMBERLANDS OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST ... SAVE JIMMY AND THE JUNIOR RANGERS FROM A TRAGIC FATE.

IT SURE IS GOOD TO HAVE YOU AN' THE BOYS UP HERE, VOLTO. I'M MIGHTY SHORT OF HELP!

WE'RE MIGHTY GLAD TO BE HERE, WARDEN.

HEY! I SMELL SMOKE!

IT'S COMIN' THIS WAY! QUICK, BOYS! LET'S GET ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT STREAM!

BUT TOO LATE! GIANT FLAMES LEAP THOUSANDS OF FEET IN THE AIR... THE HEAT IS UNBEARABLE...

WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!

HELP! THE TREE'S FALLING ON ME!

AND THEN, IN THE NICK OF TIME, VOLTO CALLS UPON HIS SUPERHUMAN, MAGNETIC POWERS...

LOOK! WHEN I SAY "VOLTO!" MY LEFT HAND REPELS...

JIMMY IS SAVED, BUT THE FIRE RAGES ON. SO...

AND NOW TO PUT OUT THE FIRE! WATCH! MY RIGHT HAND ATTRACTS!

YOU SAVED US, VOLTO! AND PRICELESS LUMBER, TOO, WHICH OUR COUNTRY NEEDS!

AND LATER-AT THE CAMP...

NOW FOR NEW ENERGY! WE MARS-MEN MUST RECHARGE OUR MAGNETISM WITH WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ONCE A DAY.

WELL, WE'VE GOT THE DANDIEST WHOLE-GRAIN CEREAL ON EARTH RIGHT HERE IN CAMP- GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!

SAY! THIS IS GREAT! THINK I'LL TAKE SOME UP TO MARS!

WELL, VOLTO, WE CAN'T BE MAGNETIC LIKE YOU- BUT WE CAN GET NEW ENERGY WITH SWELL-TASTING WHOLE-GRAIN GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!

# THREE-RING

# BINKS

OLD TIME 'BIG-SHOT' OF THE CIRCUS WORLD WHO HAS NOW BECOME A TOP-FLIGHT, STREAMLINED TALENT SCOUT AND BOOKING-AGENT FOR ALL HEADLINE PERFORMERS —

LISTEN, BROTHER, I JUMP OFF PLANES—AT ANYWHERE FROM A 'CEILING' OF 50-TO-50,000 FEET—I'M KNOWN AS 'GRAVITY GONZALES', 'THE JUMPING JIVE OF JUBILEE JUNCTION'—HOWABOUT MAKING BOTH OF US A NEAT QUICK FORTUNE BY MERELY SEWING ME UP, NOW WITH A LIFE CONTRACT? I'M SUPER SEN-SAY-SHUN-AL!!

HEH-HEH-HEH, OLD STUFF, CHUM—VERY OLD STUFF, — YOU ONLY JUMP DOWN, WELL, WHO CAN'T? JUST PARK YOUR HIPS AWHILE AND I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT CHRIS CROSS—THE WORLD'S ONE AND ONLY ON THE 'UP-AND-UP' HUMAN COMET WHO EVER PARACHUTED HIMSELF SKYWARD!! NOW LISTEN —

— SOME THUTTY ODD YEARS AGO I WAS STUCK WITH A LAST-GASP CARNIVAL, TRYING TO HOLD IT TOGETHER ACROSS THE WIDE OPEN SPACES, WHEN ONE MORNING WHO BARGES INTO MY TENT, BUT—

—HE CONTINUED...

HIYA, POPPSO!— YOU'RE SURE LUCKY TO MEET ME!

MY NAME'S CHRIS CROSS, AN' I COME FROM BOTH SIDES O' THE RIO GRANDE!

SHOW BUSINESS IS MY WEAKNESS AND I'M THE SWEETEST 'NUMBER' ON ANY PROGRAM!

HAUL YOURSELF OUTSIDE A SECCANT AN' I'LL GIVE YOU A CAPSULE SAMPLE O' MY INGENUITY!



— WELL, SON, I WAS SO RILED UP FOR THE MOMENT, I WAS FIT TO BE TIED — TO ANY OPEN BANK VAULT — BUT AS LONG AS I COULDN'T POSSIBLY BE ANY WORSE OFF THAN I WAS JUST THEN, I WENT OUT TO LISTEN TO HIS SALES TALK —

AHEM! — NOW AMONGST MOST OF THE THINGS I STUDIED IN COLLEGE, PAPPY, METEOROLOGY AND CHEMISTRY WERE ALL OF THEM — NOW THIS LIL' PACK ON MY BACK CONSISTS OF NOTHIN' ELSE BUT A LITTLE OLD —

— SIXTY-FOOT PARACHUTE, WHILE HERE IN FRONT I CARRY AN ALUMINUM TANK CHOCK-FULL OF MY OWN SECRET CONCENTRATED MIXTURE OF HELIUM-COMPRESSED OXYGEN — AND WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW WHAT ELSE ?

NOW WATCH WHAT HAPPENS AS SOON AS I OPEN THIS VALVE !!

THE GAS PRESSURE INSTANTLY BALLOONS MY PARACHUTE AND SHOOTS ME STRAIGHT UP!!

YOOHOO!

WELL DAWGGONE ME, IF THAT SCATTER-BRAIN ISN'T A REFUGEE FROM A SQUIRREL CAGE, HE'S A ONE HUNNERT PERCENT OUT-'N'-OUT GENIUS!!

— BUB, HE SHOT UP TO TWEN'NY — MEBBE TWEN'NY-FIVE THOUSAND FEET QUICKER'N YOU COULD BAT AN EYELID — (ANYBODY'S) — AND THEN GENTLY FLOATED RIGHT BACK TO THE VERY SPOT HE TOOK OFF FROM — CASUALLY READING A RECENT STORY BY SHAKESPEARE ON HIS WAY DOWN.!!

— DID I SIGN HIM UP? — DID I? OHO!! DID I? DID I? — AFTER SEEING HIS 'BOX-OFFICE' POSSIBILITIES, I'D HAVE SIGNED UP ALL HIS ANCESTORS AND POSTERITY ALONG WITH HIM —

SO HOW'D I DO, PAL?

OW-WAH! CAN YOU SIGN YOUR NAME?

HAMLET THE VTH

WILL I SIGN IT, BROTHER? — HAW-HAW-HAW! — LISTEN, I'VE GOT SO MUCH FAITH IN M'SELF I WON'T EVEN READ IT!!



- AFTER CLINCHING THE CONTRACT I DECIDED TO MAKE HIM MY SOLE ATTRACTION- I CLEVERLY GOT RID OF THE CARNIVAL- BY PAYING A COMPETITOR MY LAST \$200. IN CASH- TO TAKE IT OFF MY HANDS.

- THEN WE WENT BARN-STORMING- WE PLAYED EVERY WHISTLE-STOP THAT HAD A SKY ABOVE IT- AND HIS ACT LEFT EVERY AUDIENCE WE WORKED BEFORE NOT ONLY AGHAST, BUT ASTONISHED, AGAPE AND AGAGA BY ITS DERRING-DO !!

FROM YOU TO ME WITH MY COMPLIMENTS, YOU UNSPONSORED BROADCAST OF SOCIAL STATIC !!

DOUBLE GOOD RIDDANCE !

ALLUS I KIN FIGURE, LUM, IS THAT IT'S EITHER ONE O' THEM THAR OPTICAL DELUSIONS, OR IT'S WORKED WITH HIDDEN PULLEYS !

NO MATTER WHICHAWAY Y' LOOK AT IT, ZEKE-T'AIN'T HOOMAN !

- AND SON, HE KEPT GETTING BETTER 'N' BETTER EVERY SHOW WE GAVE. - HE FINALLY GOT TO BE SO GOOD HE'D CHALLENGE THE AUDIENCE WITH A SPIEL SOMETHIN' LIKE THIS-

- THEN HE'D GIVE IT THE GAS !

- AND WOULD THEY RUN ME AROUND ? - PHEW-W-EE !!

FOLKS, I'M HEADIN' FOR THE 'CEILING' IN ONE MINUTE FLAT- BEFORE I COME DOWN- BLINDFOLD MY MANAGER HERE- RUN HIM TO ANY PART O' THE ENCLOSURE, AND I GUARANTEE TO LAND IN HIS LEFT- NOT HIS RIGHT- HIS LEFT HAND, WHEN I COME DOWN !!

**ZING !!**

NAB HIM JUST THIS SIDE OF TH' STATE-LINE, MEN !!

- BUT WE NEVER MISSED ! (NATURALLY) - BECAUSE WE GUARANTEED TO GIVE THEM ALL 'DOUBLE' THEIR MONEY BACK IF HE DID- AND THAT MISTAKE ALONE WOULD TEAR THE SHOW APART !!

A LITTLE LATER HE DEVELOPED THE KNACK (IT WAS THE FORE-RUNNER TO SKY-WRITING) OF MAKING CUSTOMERS INITIALS WITH SMOKE RINGS ON HIS WAY DOWN - BUD, IT SLAYED THEM !!

THERE Y'ARE, FOLKS- BACK AGAIN, AND RIGHT ON THE BEAM !!

WHOOPEE ! WAHOO !

O-U D-T  
I-B L-O-K  
M-L  
I-O-U

- WE WERE SIMPLY WALLOWING IN A FLOOD OF FANCY FOLDING-MONEY BY THIS TIME WHEN ONE MORNING JUST BEFORE SHOW TIME, HE UPS TO ME WITH THE WHACKIEST IDEA I'D EVER HEARD OF. -

-WHO WAS I TO SAY 'NO' ?- HE WAS MY 'LONE STAR' ATTRACTION FROM TEXAS, AND WITHOUT HIM I WAS SHOWLESS- **CAME THE MOTOR BOAT.**

**WHAT?** YOU WANNA BUY A MOTOR BOAT RIGHT AWAY, AN' US BOOKED SOLID FOR SIX MORE MONTHS OUT HERE IN THE DESERT?

COMPLETELY THAT- AND NOTHING ELSE BUT- I GOT ME AN IDEA- I JUST READ AN AD!

SIGN THIS, HOMBRE. I'M UNLOADIN' ONE MOTOR BOAT, AN' MAY Y' GET LOST AT SEA IN DEATH VALLEY.

- THEN AFTER MISSING SIX SHOWS STRAIGHT, AND GALLIVANTIN' ROUND ALL HOURS OF THE NIGHT, ON WHAT HE CALLED 'SECRET MISSIONS', HE FINALLY DID ME THIS WAY -

**PHEW-W!** AND YOU MEAN TO TELL ME THAT THE INGRATE LEFT YOU FLAT, THATAWAY ? NOT THAT I CARE, SPEAKIN' MAN T' MAN, BUT WHAT'S THE UNGRATEFUL SUCH 'N' SUCH DOIN' NOW ?

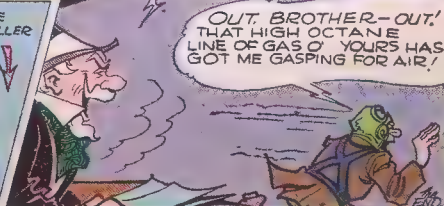
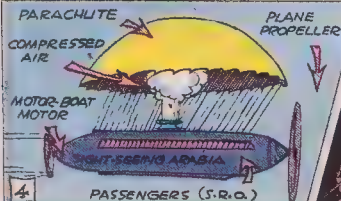
PAPPY, THIS SHOW IS GIVING ME DANDRUFF- IT'S GETTING IN MY HAIR SO I'M QUITTING IT COLD- AS OF RIGHT NOW. - BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET ALL THAT YOU'VE DONE FOR ME- I'LL SEND YOU A CHRISTMAS CARD EVERY CHRISTMAS ON THE CHRISTMAS. - S'LONG NOW!!

WHY BETTER'N EVER I HEAR, PAL- **BETTER'N EVER!**

- HE JUST TOOK THE MOTOR OUT O' THAT MOTOR BOAT HE BOUGHT- HOOKED IT UP WITH A PLANE PROPELLER- ATTACHED THE GADGET TO A BIGGER PASSENGER-CARRYING PARACHUTE, AND NOW HE'S CLEANING UP A MILLION A MONTH RUNNING A SIGHT-SEEING AIR-SERVICE BACK HOME IN HIS NATIVE ARABIA - DID I FORGET TO TELL YOU HE WAS AN ARABIAN AT HEART ?

**HEY BUD!**  
**HEH-HEH-HEH!**  
**WHERE Y'HEADIN'?**

**OUT, BROTHER- OUT!** THAT HIGH OCTANE LINE OF GAS O' YOURS HAS GOT ME GASPING FOR AIR!



MAKE A  
NICE BOWL  
FOR WHEATIES,  
BERNIE



HIGH SPOT IN BERNIE'S COACHING  
CAREER WAS WINNING THE ROCKNE  
MEMORIAL TROPHY FOR THE  
BEST 10 YEAR COACHING RECORD.  
HIS RECORD INCLUDED 63  
VICTORIES, 4 OFFICIAL  
NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIPS

# BERNIE BIERMAN

HIS MINNESOTA  
GOLDEN GOPHERS WON 6  
BIG 10 CHAMPIONSHIPS IN  
10 YEARS COMPETITION

HAVE 'EM  
EVERY  
DAY



"I'M IN FAVOR OF A  
BIG BREAKFAST FOR  
MY TEAMS," SAYS  
BIERMAN. "ONE THAT  
DELIVERS LOTS OF  
SOLID NOURISHMENT--  
INCLUDING THAT WELL  
KNOWN BREAKFAST OF  
CHAMPIONS! THOSE  
ZESTY WHOLE WHEAT  
FLAKES, WHEATIES, WITH  
PLENTY OF MILK AND  
FRUIT MAKE AN  
ALL-AMERICAN  
TRAINING DISH"



THIS IS A  
FOOTBALL



LT. COL. BIERMAN  
SERVED WITH THE  
U.S. MARINES IN TWO  
WARS. A WAR II  
ASSIGNMENT WAS  
TO BUILD THE HIGH-  
POWERED IOWA  
SEAHAWK ELEVEN

**S**URE! YOU WANT BERNIE BIERMAN'S NEW  
BOOK, "WANT TO BE A FOOTBALL CHAMPION?"  
MINNESOTA'S FAMOUS COACH SHOWS YOU THE  
CHAMPION WAY TO KICK, PASS, TACKLE, BLOCK,  
RUN--GIVES YOU MANY OF THE SAME TIPS  
HE GIVES HIS NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP TEAMS.  
SEE BACK OF YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR FULL  
INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET BERNIE BIERMAN'S  
BOOK...AND 13 OTHER ALL-STAR SPORT BOOKS

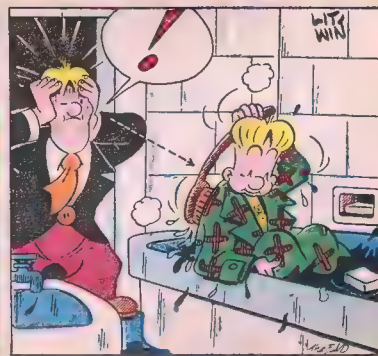
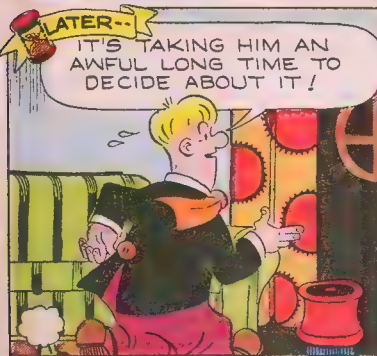
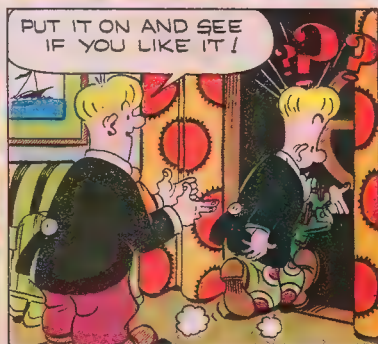
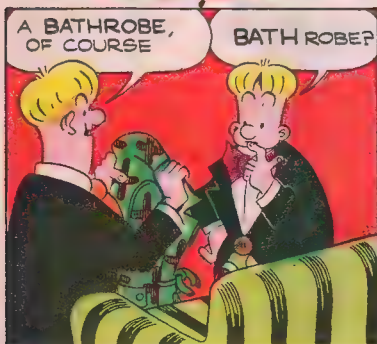
GET  
YOUR  
COPY!



"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions"  
are registered trade marks of  
General Mills, Inc.



# DAFFY & DOODLE

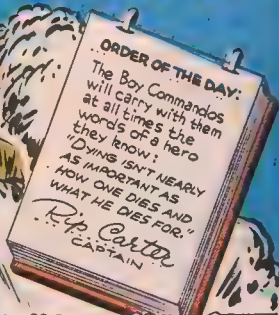


The

# BOY COMMANDOS

in

## "FOXHOLE CHAPLAIN!"



**ORDER OF THE DAY:**  
The Boy Commandos  
will carry with them  
at all times the  
words of a hero  
they know:  
"DYING ISN'T NEARLY  
AS IMPORTANT AS  
HOW ONE DIES AND  
WHAT HE DIES FOR."  
*Rip Carter*  
CAPTAIN

THE WAR IS BEING WON BY MEN WHO KNOW IN THEIR HEARTS THAT THEIR CAUSE IS WORTH THE PRICE OF VICTORY... AND HERE IS THE MOVING STORY OF ONE DEDICATED TO THE TEACHING OF THAT POWERFUL KNOWLEDGE—AN ARMY CHAPLAIN, ONE OF THOUSANDS SHARING THE RISKS AND HARDSHIPS OF BATTLE TO GIVE COMFORT AND GUIDANCE TO AMERICAN FIGHTERS!... IT IS A STORY NEITHER YOU NOR THE BOY COMMANDOS WILL SOON FORGET!

BY JOE SIMON & JACK KIRBY

WEST OF THE INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE, WHERE SAVAGE WARFARE RAGES, TODAY IS MONDAY... BUT HERE, WHERE AN ARMY TRANSPORT FURROWS THE CALM PACIFIC, IT IS STILL SUNDAY, AND THREE WISE MEN ARM AMERICAN BOYS WITH INNER STRENGTH AGAINST THE TRIALS AHEAD...

CHAPLAIN O'CONNELL, WHOSE PEACETIME PARISH IS IN CALIFORNIA...

WAR IS A PASSING EVIL, BUT THE THINGS WE FIGHT FOR ARE ETERNALLY GOOD. RIGHT, COSTANETTI?

RIGHT, FATHER!



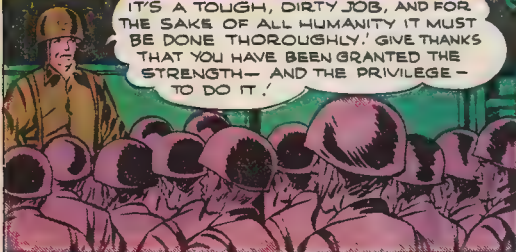
CHAPLAIN KLEIN, OF A ST. LOUIS SYNAGOGUE...

YOUR UNIFORMS AND YOUR WEAPONS REPRESENT THE HOPE OF ALL NATIONS, ALL PEOPLES - FOR LASTING PEACE AND HAPPINESS.



CHAPLAIN RICHARDSON, WHO LEFT A MINISTRY IN NEW YORK FOR THE BATTLEFIELDS...

IT'S A TOUGH, DIRTY JOB, AND FOR THE SAKE OF ALL HUMANITY IT MUST BE DONE THOROUGHLY. GIVE THANKS THAT YOU HAVE BEEN GRANTED THE STRENGTH - AND THE PRIVILEGE - TO DO IT.



THREE CHAPLAINS FROM THREE OF THE MANY FAITHS THAT BEAR RICH FRUIT IN AMERICA... AND THIS HAPPENS TO BE THE STORY OF ONE OF THEM AS HE SHARES THE PERILS OF THE FIGHTING MEN. YET IT IS MORE THAN ONE MAN'S STORY, FOR IT IS TYPICAL OF THOUSANDS LIKE HIM.

AND IT IS ALSO THE STORY OF BOB AND DAN BURGESS, BROTHERS IN BLOOD AS WELL AS BROTHERS-IN-ARMS...

GREAT GUY, THE CHAPLAIN, EH, DAN?

YEAH, BOB, I SUPPOSE SO...



BUT I'M HERE TO HUNT JAPS, NOT TO GO TO CHURCH. I'LL DO MY HYMN-SINGING WHEN I'VE FINISHED MAKING MUSIC WITH MY AUTOMATIC RIFLE.

NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT, IF THAT'S HOW YOU LIKE IT. PERSONALLY, I FEEL BETTER WHEN I CAN MIX THE TWO.





SOME DAYS LATER, IN THE PHILIPPINES, WE FIND COMMANDOS AND REGULAR ARMY MEN JOINED IN A FIERCE BATTLE!



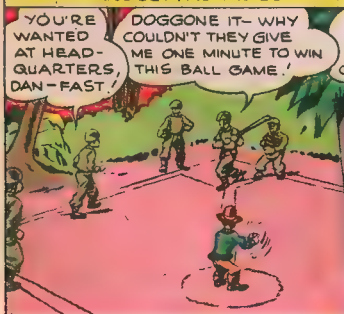
C'MON!  
I'M  
READY  
FOR YA!



STRIKE  
THREE!  
YA'RE  
OUT!

JOE DIMAGGIO JUNIOR,  
DEY USED TA  
CALL ME!  
HUH?...

THE GAME'S CRUCIAL MOMENT COMES IN THE LAST HALF OF THE NINTH INNING! DAN BURGESS GOES TO BAT FOR THE REGULAR INFANTRY! TWO MEN ARE OUT AND THE SCORE IS TIED -7-7-....



YOU'RE  
WANTED  
AT HEAD-  
QUARTERS,  
DAN-FAST!

DOGGONE IT- WHY  
COULDN'T THEY GIVE  
ME ONE MINUTE TO WIN  
COMMANDOS, THIS BALL GAME!

HO, HO! HE IS  
ZE HARDEST  
HITTER ON ZE  
OZZER TEAM!



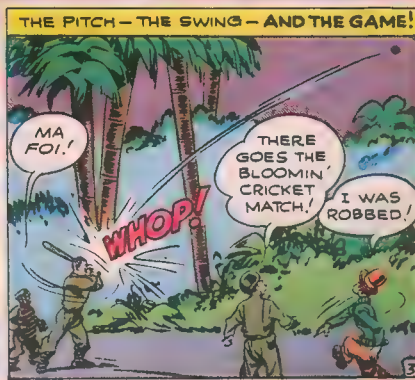
I'LL TAKE  
YOUR PLACE,  
DAN, IF  
NOBODY  
MINDS!

LOOK 'OO'S  
STEEPIN' IN! A  
BLOKE H'OUT O'  
QUEEN VICTORIA'S  
REIGN, SO 'ELP  
ME!



DIS'LL BE EASY!  
I'LL TWIST ME CORK-  
SCREW CURVE AROUND  
HIS NECK, DEN  
WE'LL GET  
ANUDDER CHANCE  
AT BAT!

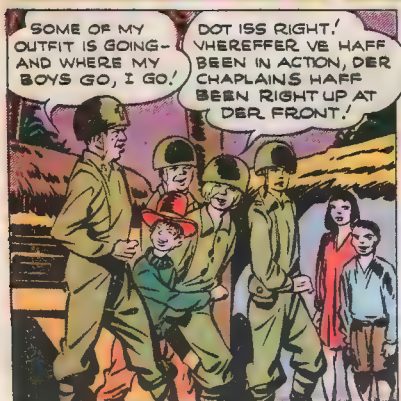
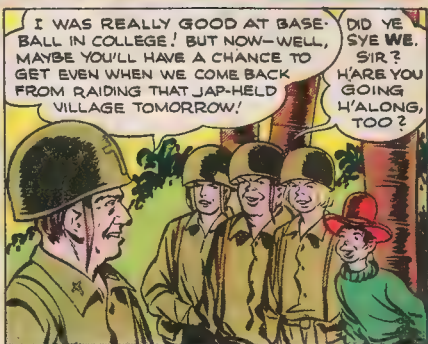
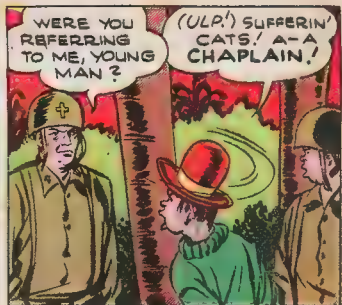
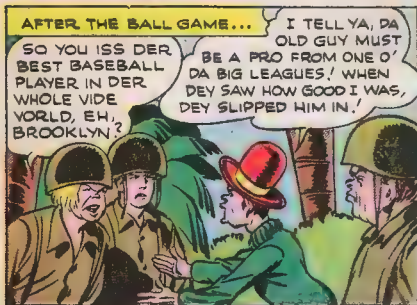
DO NOT  
FORGET,  
BROOKLYN,  
MON AMI, ZE  
COMMANDOS  
'AVE NEVAIR YET  
BEEN DEFEATED!



MA  
FOI!

THERE  
GOES THE  
BLOOMIN'  
CRICKET  
MATCH!

I WAS  
ROBBED!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, AT DAWN...

WE MUST BE NEARLY AT DER VILLAGE, MEIN CAPTAIN.

YES, JAN-AND WE'RE LUCKY NO NIP PATROLS HAVE RUN INTO US BEFORE NOW!



SUDDENLY, RIFLES AND MACHINE GUNS OPEN UP IN FRONT!

THERE'S THE VILLAGE- AND THERE'S THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE!

WATCH ME BOWL A FEW GRENADES, BROOKLYN-AN' YE'LL LEARN A BIT ABOUT PITCHIN'!



THROUGH THE LONG JUNGLE GRASS TO JAP-MANNED HUTS CREEP INFANTRYMEN WITH FLAME-THROWERS.

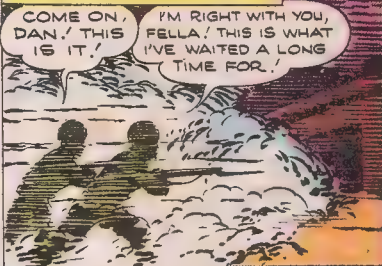
THIS WILL DRIVE OUT THE RATS!



AND UNDER COVER OF THE HEAVY SMOKE, THE AMERICANS CHARGE.

COME ON, DAN! THIS IS IT!

I'M RIGHT WITH YOU, FELLA! THIS IS WHAT I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR!



BUT SECONDS LATER...

OH-H-H-H...

BOB! THEY GOT YOU!

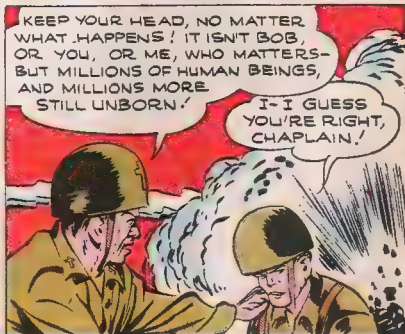
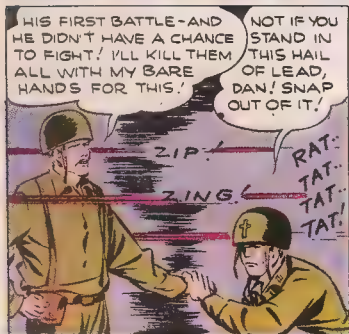
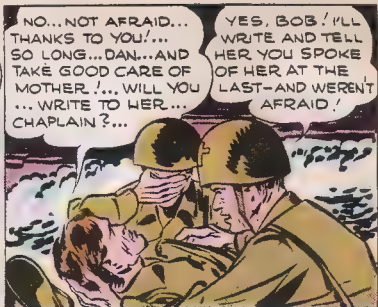
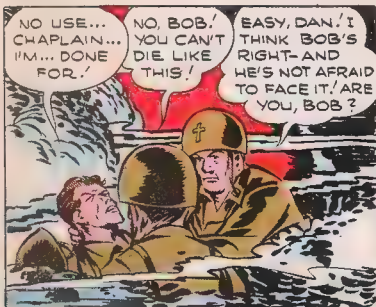


CHAPLAIN! THANK GOODNESS! HE NEEDS FIRST-AID-QUICK!

WE'LL DO EVERYTHING WE CAN, DAN!







ANOTHER DAY, BIG TRANSPORT PLANES LINE UP ON A CAPTURED RUNWAY...

SEE, MON CAPITAIN-ZERE 'IS ZE CHAPLAIN AGAIN, WILL HE JUMP WIZ ZE OZZERS?

PROBABLY, ANDRE! NOTHING STOPS THOSE FELLOWS-EXCEPT DEATH!



SMITH'S BEEN ACTING FUNNY, CHAPLAIN, EVER SINCE THAT SHELL NEARLY GOT HIM THE OTHER DAY.

A TOUCH OF NERVES, DAN! HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT AS SOON AS HE GETS INTO ACTION!



THE TAKE-OFF!

THOSE BOYS HAVE A TOUGH ASSIGNMENT! THEY'RE GOING RIGHT INTO THE HEART OF ENEMY TERRITORY!

YES-TO HANG ON TILL THEY CAN FORM A SOLID FRONT WITH OTHER PARATROOPERS FROM OTHER BASES!



PRETTY NEAR TIME! ANY OF YOU GETTING THE HEEBY-JEEBIES?

H'I H'ALWAYS GETS 'EM W'EN H'I'S TOIME TO 'IT TH' SILK- BUT H'I H'ALWAYS GETS HOVER 'EM, TOO!



NOW, AS THE TRANSPORTS SWOOP LOW...

GOING DOWN! YOU FIRST, SMITH!

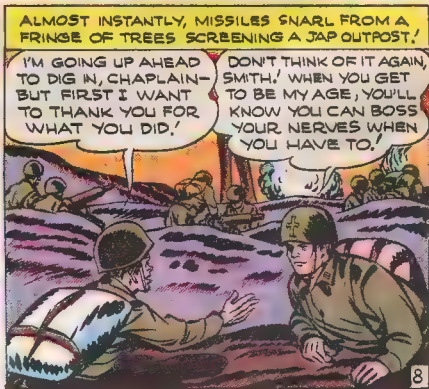
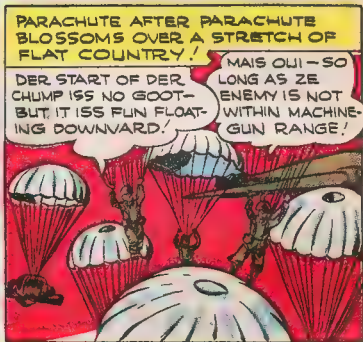
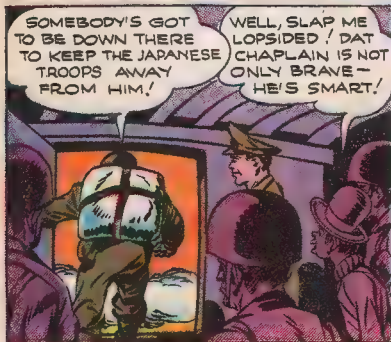
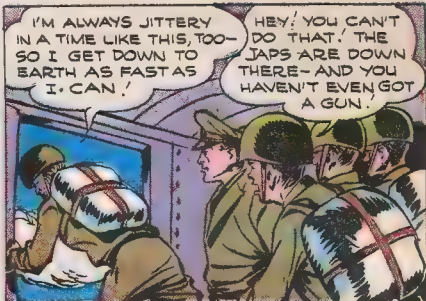
NO! I'M SORRY, SIR, BUT I-I DON'T FEEL VERY WELL!



GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF, SMITH! YOU DON'T WANT TO WASH OUT AND HAVE YOUR BUDDIES THINK YOU'RE YELLOW, DO YOU?

PERHAPS I CAN MAKE HIM LOOK AT IT DIFFERENTLY!







ABRUPTLY THE ENEMY FIRE CEASES-AND THE NEXT INSTANT...

HERE THEY COME-STAGING ONE OF THEIR "BANZAI" SUICIDE ATTACKS!

WOT 'O! H'IF TH' LITTLE BEGGARS 'AVE THEIR 'EARTS SET W'ON COMMITTIN' SUICIDE, 'OO H'ARE WE TO DIS-APPOINT 'EM?

MORTARS, GRENADES AND BULLETS TAKE A TERRIFIC TOLL OF THE RUSHING MADMEN FROM THE ISLES OF NIPPON-BUT STILL THEY COME!

BANZAI!

AI-EEEE!

THEY GOT SMITH-THE RATS!

AH-H-H-H...

LOOKS LIKE HE WAS HIT HARD! SECONDS COUNT IN A CASE LIKE THIS!

ZIP!

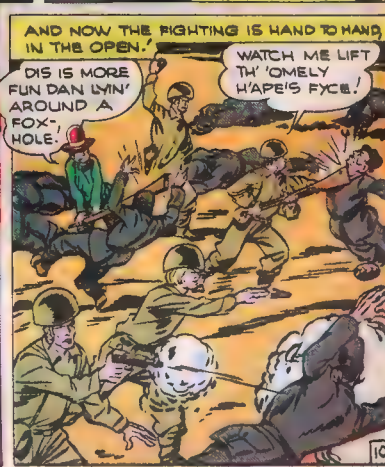
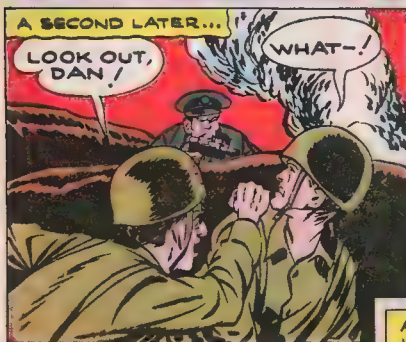
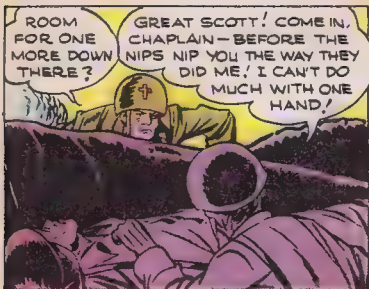
ZING!

BLAST 'EM- THEY DRILLED ME THROUGH THE SHOULDER! I'LL HAVE A HARD TIME EVENING THINGS UP FOR BOB NOW!

WATER...

YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT THIS WAY, CHUM, I'D LIFT YOUR HEAD, ONLY I GOT A BROKEN WING.

GOT ME... THROUGH... CHEST...





A FURIOUS BATTLE, AND A BRIEF ONE —  
AND AT ITS END...

THAT'S THAT. WHEW!  
THEY'RE LIKE RATTLESNAKES  
— THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY  
TO DEAL WITH THEM!

BUT I HAFH HEARD  
DOT IN AMERICA  
EFEN DER RATTLE-  
SNAKES PLAY FAIR!  
UND GIFF VARNING!

DERE'S DAN BURGESS,  
DA GUY DAT WAS CLEANIN'  
OUT JAP MACHINE-GUN  
NESTS SINGLE HANDED-  
AN' HE LOOKS  
SORTA FUNNY.

PERHAPS  
HE IS  
HURT,  
NON ?

YOU GAVE  
YOUR LIFE  
TO SAVE  
ME!

I'D DO IT AGAIN, DAN—AND  
SO WOULD YOU... IF YOU'D  
HAD... THE CHANCE! I'LL MISS  
THE BOYS... BUT TELL THEM...  
FOR ME...

TELL THEM... DYING ISN'T  
NEARLY AS IMPORTANT... AS HOW  
ONE DIES... AND WHAT HE DIES  
FOR! BOB... AND I...  
AND ALL THE OTHERS...  
KNOW OUR LIVES ...  
WEREN'T... WASTED...

THIS IS PART OF THE PRICE OF VICTORY...

CAPT. JOHN RICHARDSON  
CHAPLAIN

THE END



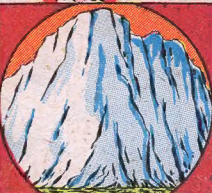
# How THOM McAN RESCUED THE DOOMED LINER

WITH HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"

GRIM TRAGEDY STALKS THE STEAMSHIP "OCEAN QUEEN" AS—JAMMED WITH PASSENGERS—IT STAMS THROUGH DENSE FOG...

YOU SAID MAINTAIN SPEED," CAPTAIN! WHAT ABOUT ICEBERGS?

THERE ARE NONE, WE'RE TOO FAR SOUTH. I... MY HEAVENS!... WHAT'S THAT?



BUT THE CAPTAIN SPOKE TOO SOON. A STRANGE OCEAN CURRENT HAS CARRIED FROZEN DANGER INTO THE SHIP'S PATH.

HARD A-PORT! REVERSE ENGINES! MAN THE LIFEBOATS!



IT'S TOO LATE, CAPTAIN! WE'RE GOING TO CRASH!

AS PANIC SWEEPS THE "OCEAN QUEEN"...

COME ON, THOM, LET'S RUN TO THE LIFEBOATS!

NOT ME! I'VE GOT WORK TO DO! QUICK, "H"... MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES!"

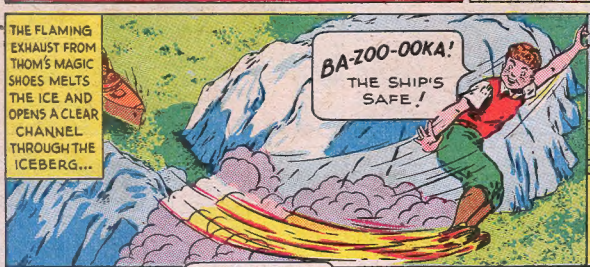


HERE GOES! JUST WATCH ME BURN A PATH THROUGH IT!

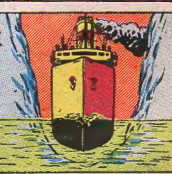


THE FLAMING EXHAUST FROM THOM'S MAGIC SHOES MELTS THE ICE AND OPENS A CLEAR CHANNEL THROUGH THE ICEBERG...

BA-ZOO-OOKA! THE SHIP'S SAFE!

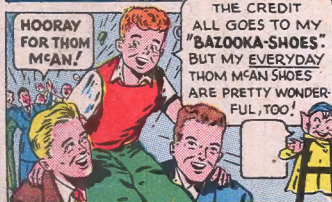


THE "OCEAN QUEEN" STEAMS SAFELY THROUGH THE PATH CUT INTO THE ICEBERG. THOM HAS SAVED THE SHIP!



HOORAY FOR THOM McAN!

THE CREDIT ALL GOES TO MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES". BUT MY EVERYDAY THOM McAN SHOES ARE PRETTY WONDERFUL, TOO!



WHY DOES "H" NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE "H" IN THOM McAN... ALWAYS SILENT. (THE "H" IS SILENT, BUT THE VALUE SPEAKS OUT LOUD!)

**Boys! Make Sure YOUR Shoes Are THOM McANS!**

THOM McAN SHOES feel swell—take lots of punishment. Snappy styles. Priced low! Look at model shown here—sturdy, "grown-up" looking, comfortable. Keen styles for men too. Take Dad along—when you buy your 'next THOM McANS!'



THE THOM McAN X24

Sizes 1 to 5 1/2. Similar Shoes for Men—Style 3670—Sizes 6 to 11.



**Thom McAn**

OVER 500 STORES—IN OVER 300 CITIES

# Tops in Comics!

THESE ARE THE MAGAZINES  
WHICH COMPRISE THE  
**SUPERMAN DC**  
COMIC GROUP

LOOK FOR THIS  
TRADE MARK  
ON THE COVER



IT'S YOUR  
*Guarantee*  
OF THE  
BEST IN  
COMICS

*Now*  
ON SALE  
EVERYWHERE

*Look*  
FOR THE DC  
TRADE MARK





# ***LIGHTER MOMENTS*** with **fresh <sup>^</sup>EVEREADY batteries** *Dated*



*"I felt like working overtime, Sarge!"*

*Let's get the Jap—and get it over!*

**FRESH**, dated "Eveready" flashlight batteries are back at last!

Since Pearl Harbor, they've been hard to find—because the Armed Forces and war industries took nearly all of our production.

But now, these powerful batteries are back on the civilian market. Chances are, you'll find them at your dealer's today.

Remember—"Eveready" flashlight batteries carry the famous *date-line* that assures *freshness*... the *only* way to be sure of dependable service and long battery life.



The registered trade-mark "Eveready" distinguishes products of National Carbon